Simon of the Closed Door

BY KATHERINE HOLLAND BROWN.

The Story of a Stolen Bride of the First Century.

"THE very first thing I remember," said Simon, the tanner, softly to himself, "is the day Lydia went to play and was lost on the mountain. The whole village streamed out to find her. And I found her. Though I was barely 6 and my legs were so short and fat it's a wonder I ever scrambled up those rugged slopes. But find her I did—at the hunter's cabin. And I'd run sobbing all the way, afraid some wild beast had seized on my playmate. But the minute I saw Lydia, safe and sound, I was boiling mad at her for frightening me so."

Slow mirth lighted his deep young eyes. Seated thus, at his solitary hearth fire, he saw always the pictures of his boyhood. He had not been a recluse then. Twenty years ago all the little Judean village had known and loved Simon. Today, in the sea city of Joppa, he was known merely as Simon the tanner. Upright, dependable, but a young hermit, almost. Always he walked alone. "Simon of the Closed Door," so did his townfolk name him. For his great doors stood never ajar. Always those heavy, nail-studded panels were shut against the world. Simon's very self, that door. Locked, aloof, silent.

And yet——

"Lydia was such a little thing!" In the fire-shine he saw again her small, fair, eager face. "And so loving!" His firm lips twitched with a tender laugh. "When she saw me she came running, arms out and screaming for joy. But I wouldn't speak to her. I shoved her away with all my might. And I got madder every minute, because she'd scared me so needlessly. Besides, the old hunter sat there, smiling in his beard. Would I let him think that Lydia could win me over? No, sirree. Little pig-headed booby!"

He chuckled softly.

"But Lydia didn't mind shoves, nor scowls, either. At last she dived into her little pocket and fished out—this."

Simon thrust his hand into the fine broidered pouch at his girdle. He drew out a gleaming bit of rose quartz, smooth and thin.

"Her heart's treasure! But now, to make amends, she'd give it up to me. Even then I hung back. I wanted that stone. Whew, how I wanted it! But I kept my stubborn fists clinched. Then—what was it the hunter said?"

From the far mists of years it came, the old man's kind, commanding voice:

"Open thy hand, little son. Take her gift. Only the open, friendly hand can receive good, my child. Only into the open, friendly heart can joy come."

Simon flinched. A shadow crossed his face.

"Curious, how well I remember. A good old soul, that Hunter. But queer. Queer. They told it that his hut stood open in all weathers. All men went in, sure of a welcome."

He glanced over his shoulder at his own great door—locked, bolted, chained; the door that shielded him and his endless grief; the door that walled him in from life.

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BITTERNESS lay cold on his heart. Yet he sat, moveless, and watched the pictures in the fire.

"I took the stone and kissed her, and stuck it away safe in my girdle. The very next day I set to work to earn silver wire to weave her a bracelet. The bracelet that she wore, always. How she did love it, because I'd earned it and woven it, all for her!"

He saw himself, a stubby, determined toiler, blowing the bellows, day after day, for Hosea, the silversmith. He saw Hosea, precise old craftsman, weighing the costly wire. He saw his own clumsy little fingers braiding the wire slowly, slowly, into the precious circlet.

"It was much too large for her wee arm. But she was all the prouder, the little peacock. She wore it all her life. She was only five then. Twelve years after, on our day of bridal, that bracelet still shone on her wrist. All her darling life——"

He shivered and bowed his head. But the pictures flashed on:

He saw his Lydia as she grew from childhood to slim, shy girlhood, then blossomed swiftly to woman liveliness. Her cheeks were flushed almond petals now, her eyes dark stars under the folded braids, like ripened wheat. He saw himself, a bashful cub, all legs and freckles; then, in a flash, a superb young Hercules—at 18 a man grown. He saw again his white hour—the hour of betrothal.

Then, like a flying scroll of enchantment, that last exquisite and most terrible memory. Around him, vague and dim, the faces of the marriage guests. Like a snowflake, Lydia's cold little hand in his, as they took their solemn vows. He could feel the awed tremor of her young body. His whole flesh melted for tenderness. Never again should she know fear, his Lydia, heart of his heart . . .

Then, ringing in his ears, that cry of terror from without. And, like the swoop of a tempest, the vision of that great dark trireme, the mighty rush of armed men across the shallows. Down they stormed—that black host—upon the dazed village.

Instantly realizing, mad with rage and fear, Simon had snatched Lydia into his arms and dashed away toward the hills. But the foremost marauder saw. He raced after Simon. His great sword flashed, struck like a flail.

Days after, Simon awoke and stirred. His father stood beside him. His mother's tear-stained face bent close. He could not understand their sobbing words. Finally he dragged himself from his bed and drove his bruised, swaying body away, down the beach to where the fishing boats lay at anchor.

He stumbled aboard the nearest. He ordered the master to put to sea.

Compassionate, the sailors carried him, pleading, raving, back to his father's house. There, at last, he learned the truth.

No use to search the seas for his Lydia. The night of the raid a terrific gale had swept the Judean coast. Not a ship could live through that tempest. Wreckage of the black trireme had been washed in on the tide. On the third day the captain's body had been found, stretched upon the sand.

No. Never again would he search for Lydia. Now, at last, he understood She was lost to him. Forever.

In time Simon's young body regained its powers. Soon his mother's brother, a properous tanner in Joppa, offered to take the boy as apprentice. Simon went to him, and worked, dully, faithfully. When the old man died and bequeated him the tannery and this solid barred house, Simon took his fortune indifferently.

He had lived these years alone with memory. But tonight, he felt strangely restless. Finally he threw on his cloak and went out upon the beach.

It was a gray night, cloudy and cold. The beach lay deserted under a raw and fitful wind. But down toward the old market place torches gleamed. Torches in the market place so late? Puzzled, Simon went slowly down that way.

Under the thatched roof, edging shoulder to shoulder, stood a sullen, bewildered audience; fishermen, sailors, all the rougher water-front folk. In the glare of the torches stood two men. Wayfaring preachers, these. Simon had heard the gossip concerning them. Two strangers from Jerusalem, named Paul and Silas. They taught a freakish new religion, which had already caused much windy argument and ill feeling. For their message, they declared, was unto all men, not only to Jews, but to Gentiles, alike to bond and to free. Of course only common folk went to listen. What had solid, prosperous citizens to do with such vain speaking?

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AMUSED, a little supercilious, Simon paused. Silas, tall, keen-eyed, watchful, stood as on guard. Paul was speaking. He stood on a heap of boards. His rough mantle was thrown back, his dark face blazed with feeling. The crowd glared at him, scowled, muttered. Such talk ran close on blasphemy. But Paul's high, authoritative voice rang on:

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. . . . For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, 'I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles——'"

"The Gentiles, hey?" a burly cooper jeered aloud. Other voices joined him. "A light to the Gentiles—and you a Jew! Down with you, false prophet! Away with him!"

The ring pushed, shouldered, then closed in, roaring. Sticks and stones flew. A torch, struck down, fell flaring.

Simon turned easily away. An ugly mob, this. These street preachers had certainly waded into deep water. No affair of his, though.

He went toward his own house. Behind him the uproar swelled to tumult. At his own door Simon paused. Evidently the two speakers were retreating. They were coming toward him. At their heels, like snarling dogs, shuffled and yelled the angry crowd.

"Fifty men to two." Simon frowned, hesitated.

Suddenly the whole crowd swept forward; abreast of Simon's house, Paul and Silas fet this onslaught as best they could. But their best was nothing against that charging rage.

"Come with me. Quick!"

Before the crowd realized what he was doing, he had swung open his door, thrust the two men in, slammed the great panels, bolted them fast.

The crowd, baffled, vented its emotions in hoots and cat-calls and a fusillade of stones. Tiring of this sport, it ebbed away.

Safe inside, Simon seated his guests before the fire, brought spices and medicaments for their cuts and bruises, fetched cold roasted meats and wine. While they ate, he watched them curiously.

"No fear in them, only high anger. Even if they are preachers, they are men. Brave men."

Refreshed and grateful, the apostles arose to go. At the door Paul halted. He put up one bandaged hand. His voice rang like a great lifting bell:

"Peace be unto this house."

Peace—to his empty house, his empty heart! Simon stared after the two men. He turned back, stumbling, to his blank hearth. The apostle had meant a kindness. He could not have said a crueler thing.

For all his bitterness, Simon, being human, felt vaguely friendly toward the apostles, because he had befriended them. The next night he found himself loitering around the market place.

Oddly, tonight's crowd listened in quietly, in bland unconcern. Over and over, Paul implored them, "Open your doors to the light! Open your locked hearts, that joy may enter in!"

His words burnt on Simon's brain. Rebellious, he turned away, and shut himself into his house.

After a long hour, he heard the homebound crowd go by. He peered through his narrow window. Here came Paul and Silas, lagging wearily past.

Simon hurried to the door.

"Stop. Enter," he called gruffly. "Tarry this night with me. I have a venison from Mount Gerizim and new wheaten bread. I will put couches for you before the fire, and pile them with bearskins and coverlets of lamb's wool. Enter, I pray you."

The worn men agreed, gladly. Soon they slept, in deep luxurious warmth. But Simon crouched before his hearth. In the flames he saw again the picture that he cherished. The face of his little Lydia, as she put the precious stone into his hand; the face of the old hunter, amused and kind. Again he heard the old man's gentle word:

"Open thy hand, little son. And open thy heart, that joy may enter in."

He took the shining stone from its case; then thrust it back. Tonight, somehow, the sight of it all but broke his heart.

"You may as well make my house your headquarters," he told the apostles at break of day. "Come and go as ye will."

Instead of speaking thanks, Paul and Silas stood and looked at him. By that look, Simon felt himself warmed and comforted, repaid as in fine gold.

Driven by inexplicable impulse, he dragged both doors wide open, and wedged them so that they would stay open, night and day.

Now, when the men of Joppa passed by and saw those long sealed doors set wide, with one accord they stopped and opened their mouths to marvel. For his doors stood always open to whomsoever would enter in. Even the children came and played, unafraid, at his threshold. Nor were they daunted by his grave face and his silence; the silence of his endless grief.

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NOW, while Simon, courteous, a little sardonic, was opening, gradually, the doors of his life and his heart, on a far island to the west, strange events were afoot.

On this island, called by the Romans Basia, there were no cities. Its barren rock plateau boasted but one small group of houses, rough little huts of wattles and sunbaked clay. But within these dismal hutches were a glory. Their mud walls were hid by great webs of silk, gold, amber, hyacinth; huge tiger skins and hides of wolf and bear strewed the dirt floors; chests of gold coins, tall pitchers of beaten silver, pearl, spices, ivory—the huts were a riot of stolen treasure. For Basia was the fastness of Irais, daughter of a famed pirate chief and now the bold, insolent ruler of her father's crew.

Serving Irais, wan, silent, strangely lovely despite her frail body, the moon-white of her averted face, was a Jewish girl. This girl had been handmaid to the beautiful, harsh princess for seven years. Plotus, younger brother to Irais, had seized her, during a raid on the Judean coast. A storm, that very night, but almost wrecked the pirate trireme and had drowned Plotus, the captain, and half the crew. Therefore all the pirate folk looked upon this girl with superstitious fear, believing that she, a stolen bride, torn from her bridegroom's arms, had called down the storm that had all but destroyed their ship. Hence, no man had ever laid a hand upon her. No word nor glance had offended her these seven years. That enduring dread of her powers of magic was to her as armor, as her sword and shield.

Beside Irais, beside the pirates' guady, bedizened women, Lys in her gray drugget and her slave sandals was as an image of gray mist. Never would she even touch the robes, the furs, the gewgaws, that Irais, whimsically generous, flung to her.

Only one treasure did she cherish. That was a trifle, an armlet of silver wire, unevenly braided, as if by clumsy little hands. A pitiful trinktet, but a bracelet of black magic, the pirates whispered. Had they not spied on her and watched her press it to her lips when she thought herself unseen?

So the years had slipped by. But in the seventh year dark rumor filled that tiny lawless world. Word came that a powerful armada of sea rovers from North Africa had seized and looted the three nearby islands. This new band far outnumbered Irais' crew. They were swift and powerful and unbelievably cruel. Horrid tales drove before them, like the spray beneath their triremes' bows. And through these tales soon thrilled a shuddering, guilty fear.

This was the seventh year since Lys' capture. All men know that seven is a mystic number. And in Lys there lay, all men knew, dark, mystic powers. Had she not called the storm which had snatched her captor to his doom?

Before Irais, great, blown, splendid Amazon, her folk made shamefaced, angry plea.

"Send her away, we beg you," growled the fretted, surly men.

"Send her away, we beseech," wailed their scared, glittering women.

"Fools, all!" Irais laughed them to scorn. "But away she shall go. I'm tired enough of her white face, her stubborn dumb mouth. Toss her into your boat, you, Gaius. Carry her back to her beloved East."

Gaius, a burly, panic-stricken giant, scuttled to obey. But, half-way to the Judean coast, his ship overhauled a trading vessel bound for Joppa. Gaius was distractedly anxiolus to get Lys off his hands. He boarded the little ship, manacled the terrified captain and his crew, helped himself to whatever merchandise suited his fancy; then, to the captain's amazement, he let both ship and men go free. Not, however, till he had exacted a solemn vow from the captain.

"This woman shall be carried to the Judean coast. And no man shall touch her, nor speak with her. You swear it!"

"I swear by all my gods," sputtered the captain. He gaped in comic befuddlement till the trireme vanished in the western sky.

Assuredly, he kept his promise. At least, through the four days' journey to Joppa. By that time, his daze had swerved to cringing desire. What a lovely creature this white, unsmiling girl was, with her deep eyes, her lips like a pale flower!

Lys, eyes always downcast, read his veering will. The last day, as they watched the nearing shores, she lived through a thousand tortures.

The captain planned shrewdly. While in Joppa harbor, he feared that his superstitious crew would rebel if they learned that Lys was not set free. But tomorrow, when they were again well out to sea, rebellion would serve them nothing.

Therefore, that night, as soon as the ship was anchored he would send the crew ashore, wages in hand, to carouse as they willed. Lys he would bring later, so he would declare to them, in his own small boat. While, in truth, he meant to chain her in the hold, slip ashore for a few hours' diversian, then return to his ship at dawn before his crew, drunken and shouting, would come reeling down to the harbor again.

All very well. But he had not counted upon Lys herself.

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IT was past nightfall when the ship was safely anchored, not a 100 yards from Joppa shore. Under a flaring torch the captain stood doling out their money to his impatient men. Lys drifted near, watched her chance. In her gray drugget, she was but a gray shadow on the night.

She crept behind the men; she climbed silently the high poop. Below, the harbor lay, a black mirror, thick with stars.

There was a faint splash. The captain paused, listened; only the splash of a leaping fish, in the jeweled silence below.

He finished his task in a few minutes more.

"Now! Away with you!"

Eager as schoolboys, the men scrambled for their boat and were away.

"Now for you, my beautiful!" The captain, his fox face agrin, entered the cabin.

Twenty minutes later, sweating, raging, he stood again on deck. He had searched every inch of the cabin. He had torn away boxes and barrels; he had groped and clawed through the hold like a madman. No Lys. She had vanished like a wisp of fog.

She couldn't swim ashore. She'd never dare. Some sailor—treachery!"

Blind with rage, he heaved himself into his own boat. Across the black harbor he flashed, leaped ashore hardly a minute after his leisurely men. They turned, aghast at his fury.

"The woman! You have her! Give her to me! Swine!"

Slack-jawed, they gaped at him. But one, quicker witted, pointed up the dusky beach.

"We saw not the woman Lys. But past us a minute since ran a dark shape, dripping from the sea—"

"After her! Ten gold pieces to him who finds her!"

Ten gold pieces! Up the dark beach, yelling and whooping, raced the hunting pack. Before them, crazed with terror, fled the girl. The blood pounded in her throat. A red mist whirled before her eyes. Faster!

Oh, if only she could reach a turn in the street, a cranny for hiding! But the long highway stretched before her, wide, implacable. Its solid, comfortable houses were dark as tombs, all locked and bolted tight against her need. Her limbs shook now, her drenched clothes hung on her like lead. Her heart thrashed in her breast like a mad thing, her flesh was sick, her eyes all but blinded.

Then, straight before her, the incredible. A house, whose two great doors stood open, wide.

"Have mercy! Have mercy!" Moaning, she stumbled in. But not a voice challenged. Empty, fire-lit. She stood alone in the wide, silent room.

Before the fire stood a couch, covered with a heavy robe of crimson. Lys dropped to the floor and crept beneath that crimson shield.

Then running feet, high voices:

"She is here, my captain! Search this house!"

"Fool! As if a fugitive would hide within a wide-open door!"

Away galloped the heavy feet. The angry shouting echoed, was gone.

A while, Lys lay like a dead thing. Then the unspeakable peace of that warm, quiet place had its way with her. She crept from the covert of the robe. She loosed her mass of dripping honey-gold hair and spread it around her. Then she laid her chilled little body on the broad wolf-skin before the fire. Instantly she dropped into fathomless sleep.

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SIMON walked late, that night. Paul and Silas, their mission ended, had set forth for Caesarea, that morning. Simon, depressed and a bit resentful, had put in a dismal day. Make friends like these, the first real friends of his solitary years, then see them depart!

Weary to the heart, he had set out at dusk to walk. It was late night and the town lay wrapped in silence when he came back to his house.

He strode indoors, crossed to the hearth. The fire had sunk to a heap of rosy ash. He took a fagot from the brazen jar and laid it on the coals. The flames shot up. They lighted the little curled heap on the wolfskin, the mass of shiny gold hair.

"What under the sun! A lost child, of course. I'm glad my doors stood open."

He bent close over the lax form. The face was veiled by the great wave of hair. But one slight arm was flung up over her head. On it, the firelight caught and dazzled. On a bracelet—a narrow band of silver wire woven by a small boy's clumsy, eager hands.

The room whirled and blazed and blackened round him. Simon stared and stared. Then, with a great cry, he bent and snatched the girl from her sleep and caught her into frantic, hungry arms. And over and over, his voice rang out, in a rapture as terrible as anguish:

"Lydia! Lydia! Beloved! Beloved!"

Like a startled child, Lydia awoke. For a breath, she flinched away in terror. But as she shrank from him, she looked into his eyes and knew him, her lover and her man. And in the hush of an ecstacy past words, they two clung, locked in each other's arms.

At last, Lydia spoke. And all her fear, and her agony, and all her measureless happiness, were in her words:

"Oh, Simon! If you had not opened your door!"

Then, echoing as it would echo forever in Simon's grateful heart, in every act of his grateful life, rang the words of the old Hunter, shadowy years ago:

"Open your hand, little son. Take her gift. For only the open, friendly hand can receive. Only into the open, friendly heart can joy come."

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IN LYS THERE LAY, ALL MEN KNEW, DARK, MYSTIC POWERS.

DRIVEN BY INEXPLICABLE IMPULSE, HE DRAGGED BOTH DOORS OPEN.

Putting the Best Face on Things Proves to Be Real Modern Problem

Nina Wilcox Putnam Points to Courage Required in Beauty Treatment

AS that famous Wise-Cracker, King Solomon, used to say, "With a handsome car or a handsome wife, it ain't so much the initial cost, it's the upkeep."

And Sol had the right dope, on account I fully realize where George, that's my husband, had for the initial cost of me very little beyond the price of engraving said initials inside the wedding ring and the price of the pearl scarf pins that he gave to his ushers, which consisted of Joe Bush of the Hawthorne Club. But since then the upkeep has been fairly heavy in order to maintain my paint job, polish, upholstery and accessories properly.

Well, anyways, while a girl is still able to call herself twenty-five and get away with thirty-three and a third, why the above mentioned overhead is all a husband had ought to be expected to pay for. But the time arrives when she always wants to see herself in a strong light before anybody else does, and that is the date on which the overhead takes a jump, and also where these new Beauty garage doctors who overhaul your face get their income and a good part of friend husband's, as well.

Well, anyways, the other morning I caught myself looking carefully at my face in order to check up was it fit to be seen by the Gen. Pub. before going out among the same.

Of course, any girl of eighteen will do as much, but it was different with me. I am of voting age and this time what I seen in the mirror got me to commence wondering how much them face factories hurt, and how much they would charge to rebuild my map, which would, of course, be by far the greater pain to bear.

But I felt that no matter what it cost, I would go through with it, if only on account my friend, Mrs. Joe Bush had claimed I never would. And so, before I could change my mind, why, I give Mrs. Bush a ring, and she says yes, I'd love to go shopping with you this afternoon, whatter you going to get?

And I says the 2 o'clock trolley, that's all I'll tell you now, I says, I'm going to treat you to a big surprise.

Well, I was getting set to go down town to Joseph's Beauty Parlor, see, and I had understood where Joseph had a doc in tow that made your fave over any style you liked.

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FOR a sample, I knew where this doc had fixed up a lady in our town who was trying to break into the best social circles, and she was one of these deep-dish-pie-faced women, and he fixed her up with a permanent Ritz expression by arching her eyebrows, turning up her nose and turning down the corners of her mouth. And first thing you know the local 400 mistook her for one of theirselfs and after that, why naturally, they not being the kind to admit a mistake, she is still running 'round and around in their circles with them.

Well, I don't crave any of that merry-go-round stuff, and in deciding to get my face changed, it was more with the idea of keeping it at its best the same as with my fur coat. In fact, I had a feeling that if I was to talk my face over with pretty near any of my women friends, they would come back at me with some remark to the effect, why my dear, that's a pretty good quality face you've got already, why not have it re-made, and then it would do you for another coupla seasons? And if they said it, why then I wouldn't really be in no position to come back and say oh my dear, I never have anything made over, I simply throw my old things away and buy new. I realize perfectly that George can't afford to give me a new face every season; not on our income, why I wouldn't let him do it, and him going around wearing the same old one, year after year!

Well, anyways, I don't believe I would ever succeed in making Geo. get the kind of face I wanted him to, even if he was willing to change at all.

Of course, seeing that George is my husband, why it is only natural I should knock him onct in a while. Still, I like him well enough and etc. so's I wouldn't want him changed beyond identification. But after all, my idea of a change ain't so unreasonable, on account he hasn't now got the face I originally married, anyways.

"I HAD TAKEN SLAPS, PUNCHES AND PINCHES FROM ANOTHER WOMAN UNDER THE NAME OF MASSAGE."

Well, neither have I, but I must say where I have undoubtedly made more of a effort to keep mine than Geo. has to keep his, including our hair. Bobbing don't count. Losing does. Hot Bbzo! The things I have undergone, and gone under, in order to keep beautiful and my husband's love, not to mention my women friends' admiration, is as numerous and as painful as bills on the 1st inst.

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JUST take this mud pack stuff! Why when I was a dear little girl of 10 annums or so, if another dear little girl had put mud on my face, I would of crowned her with a brick or pulled out her hair, or some other such childish prank of retaliation. But here for mons. past I had been going to a girl every week and paying her five good Green Henrys to do the same thing!

I had laid back in a chair perfectly quiet and taken slaps and punches and pinches from another woman, under the name of massage, that by any other name would of started a riot. Once that Mrs. Joe Bush had a grand new face cream and she offered to massage my face for me with it. But I at once says oh my dear, I wouldn't dream of letting you take all that trouble, let me do your face. But somehow she didn't care to take a chance, neither. Them things are best done professionally, or before witnesses, I often think.

As far as Mrs. Bush's face is concerned, a complete change would do her a lot of good, not that I am the kind who will criticize their best friend. But it would be hard to make Mabel Bush see this, on account she thinks everything she's got is perfect, including Joe and that awful child of hers.

But I figured well, if I asked her to go down town with me this day, see, and led her into Joseph's, our man who makes the hair of many colors, and she heard me arranging to get my face made over, why she might take the hint and think to herself, well, if that woman can do it, I can do it to.

Then perhaps in time, we might even get Joe Bush of the Hawthorne Club, that's her husband, to realize the mistakes his mother and father had made, and let modern science get its turn at him. As for that awful kid of theirs, why I didn't worry over him none, on acct. sometimes the homeliest children grow up to be the handsomest adults. It didn't seem likely in this case, but I always believe in giving the doubt to any benefit.

Well anyways the biggest problem to decide, this particular moment, was what kind of a face did I really want? That was some decision!

Of course it wouldn't be so bad to look like Mary Pickford, but I didn't think I had the goods to work with. I was fully capable of realizing where you can't build a skyscraper on the foundations of a one-car garage.

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THEN I thought of Gloria Swanson. I am more of her type, and the ambition to look like her might give the doc a better fighting chance.

But I am a sensible woman, even if I have to admit it myself on account so few others will, and so I soon pulled myself up short on picking a style of beauty.

Here you, I says to myself, there is no use in you choosing something conspicuous and flashy that will be noticed every time you go out, I says, and then next year maybe there will be a complete change of the styles in beauty and you will have a face that looks old fashioned.

No, I says, you had better choose a good looking but not too pronounced style of face that will last and look pretty good until it is worn out, I says. Something quiet, of a good cut, and something that will stand a lot of rough treatment, I says, also of a pattern you won't get tired of, that's the main idea, and one which you can wear with all your clothes.

Which is why I decided to keep my own face and merely have it tucked up here and there, ironed out in spots, and the place where it sagged in the front hemmed up even.

But it took a big hunk of courage for me to actually decide I would have even this much done. I got a pretty fair imagination, and by the time I had my hat on and was started for the 2 o'clock trolley, I could already smell the ether.

Also, I knew that these operations on the face was a good deal like marriage, you took them for better or worse, and that every onct in a while worse was how you turned out.

And then when I met Mrs. Joe Bush, and looked at her and realized that I might go into the ether looking like myself and come out of it looking like her, why I just naturally had to pull up my courage another notch and concentrate on the Venus de Milo.

Well, all the way in on the trolley, Mrs. Bush was dying to know what was the surprise I was going to hand out, and she guessed everything from a grand installment piano to a new crochet stitch in The Emporium's Art Embroidery dept.

But when we got off at 13th and Main and I led her right towards Joseph's Beauty store, she give out a little holler, she's too stingy to give out a big one.

Jennie Jules I do believe you are going to have your face lifted, she says, and so of course I wouldn't give her the satisfaction.

Why my dear what nonsense, I says, with a sigh of relief, I won't need to do that for years yet, speak for yourself, dear. I merely come here for some hair nets I certainly believe in putting the best face on things, I says, but I believe in doing it myself!

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Dead Sea Dynamos.

PLANS for the electrification of Palestine by raising the level of the Sea of Galilee and harnessing the historic River Jordan, involving an initial expenditure of $10,000,000, are described in "Palestine: Its Commercial Resources, With Particular Reference to American Trade," by Addison E. Southard, American consul at Jerusalem, just published by the Department of Commerce. The same project calls for the canalization of the Jordan Valley from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea, where, under irrigation, it is expected that copious crops of dates, rice, sugar cane, flax and cotton can be produced. Provision for 2,000 miles of motor highways, commercialization of the Bagdad-Cairo air route, traversing Syria, and agricultural credit banks are among the other innovations contemplated in the modernization of the Holy Land, as related by Mr. Southard.

2,700-Foot Cable.

A SUBMARINE cable in one continuous length of 2,700 feet has been recently laid across the Hudson River at Garrison, just below West Point, according to the Electrical World. The make-up of the cable and the method of laying it presented some features not encountered in everyday practice. The cable is to carry current from the east side of the river to the west side for local distribution in the immediate vicinity of Garrison. Power is to be transmitted at first at 2,300 volts with ungrounded star connected transfomers, and this will later be changed to 4,000 volts with the netural grounded.

Volcano as Lighthouse.

A VOLCANO on the Island of San Salvador serves the purpose of a light house and requires no attention. The volcanic lighthouse is about eight miles from the Port of Acajutla. It is a veritable pillar of cloud by day, and the flash of its light by night has served as a guide to mariners for several centuries.